

and you enjoy an original and not unpleasing sensation. Mr. Whistler once spoke disparagingly to a visitor of his about Beardsley, sardonically remarking that he was like one of those who stand waiting in the marketplace because no man hath hired them. Later, he modified his rather scornful opinion, and in their biography of him the Pennells tell how he once spoke such earnest words of praise to Beardsley that the latter burst into tears. Not with Whistler alone, but in many other quarters, he little by little overcame the prejudice raised by the dubious streak in his work. He is appraised to-day solely for what was best in him—prodigious technical adroitness and an original note of style.

FICTION.

Stories by Jack London, Mrs. Burnett and Mr. Harris.

MARTIN EDEN. By Jack London. 12mo, pp. 411. The Macmillan Company.

EMILY FOX-SETON. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Illustrated by C. D. Williams. 12mo, pp. 426. The F. A. Stokes Company.

THE SHADOW BETWEEN HIS SHOULDER-BLADES. By Joel Chandler Harris. With illustrations by George Harding. 16mo, pp. 112. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

We need not blink the patent fact that Mr. London has woven much autobiographical material into the warp and woof of his latest novel; he himself, we believe, would be the last to deny it. Martin Eden is a San Francisco youth, a sailor, spending his periods of idleness on shore in the sailors' familiar way, until an accident, the timely rescue of a young man from the hands of a "gang," opens up to him a new horizon in that young man's home. His ambition is aroused; he will be like these people, the daughter of the house encouraging him and aiding him in his struggle for self-education. Culture through books—the social influence of the girl and her people is but intermittent—what more natural than that his aspiration progresses from the reading to the writing of them. He sets to work. Discouraged by a jeering brother-in-law, a grocer, he persists with titanic purpose amid the usual discouragements of the beginner; manuscripts returning to him with the same regularity with which he sends them. But, hestates. Even the girl who has promised to marry him has no faith in his ultimate success, and implores him to take a "position" in her father's office, and then, suddenly, the tide turns. The editors who have refused him hospitality in their periodicals implore him for copy; publishers appeal to him for books, on his own terms, and the public gives him fame and affluence. But it is all as Dead Sea fruit upon his lips; an unconquerable mental lassitude settles down upon him; the world to which he has aspired interests him not—it offends him; and he finds that he has outgrown the class from which he has sprung, and to which he attempts to return for a moment. Even his love, come back to him repentant, can evoke no response. He is through with life.

Mr. London, as was to be expected from his well known views on society, places the responsibility for his hero's defeat in the hour of triumph on the shoulders of that society, of the smug, dishonest, mentally and morally dead "bourgeoisie." He does not even stop to look for the flaw in the man's character and equipment, he does not even seem to suspect that the key to the situation lies there. Self-educated in parts, remaining in deep ignorance in others, Martin Eden, the would-be Superman, condemns a civilization without ever having inquired into its aesthetic or the continuity of its intellectual culture. A student of Spencer, he gives up all hope of a world that he does not find to his liking ready-made, in the first glimpse of daylight it vouchsafes to him after he has climbed upward from the depths. He becomes convinced that he has done his share of that world's work when in reality he has only delivered the first telling blow. "Martin Eden" is not a criticism of life, an indictment of society; it is a confession of the limit of the energy, the outlook, of one human being. The book is written with all Mr. London's raging intolerance, with all his honest inability to see another side of the great problem than his own, with all his brutal realism. He does not argue; he asserts; wherever he will bring conviction to none. One cannot think clearly and straight in a passion. The modicum of truth that underlies the facts of his fiction links his book, remotely on the one hand, to "Judith the Obscure," and more closely on the other to Mr. Sinclair's "Journal of Arthur String."

It was a good idea to reissue, as one story, two of Mrs. Burnett's novels of nearly a decade ago, "The Making of a Marchioness" and "The Methods of Lady Walderhurst," and to give to the new book thus created the name of the heroine of both, "Emily Fox-Seton," a nineteenth century Cinderella of London society, whose many sweet qualities brought to her that most popular and by English and American woman readers most heartily appreciated and approved reward, a brilliant match—not quite strawberry leaves, to be sure, but the next best thing to it, a marquise, with an income attached to it as great as that of the most liberally endowed of American heiresses. But even a just reward of shining virtue cannot be bestowed without arousing hatred and jealousy; whence "The Methods of Lady Walderhurst," methods whose gentleness and

human love demonstrated that Emily Fox-Seton's character had not been spoiled by her elevation to the peerage, while at the same time they frustrated the attempts upon her life by a disappointed distant relative of her lord, who feared to be done out of the succession. Those not already familiar with the two stories will readily see that they belong together; so, no doubt, will those who read them years ago. So here is "Emily Fox-Seton," renewed evidence of Mrs. Burnett's skill in interesting her readers, sometimes with simplest means, on occasion with decidedly high colored plots, but always skilful and always succeeding.

"The Shadow Between His Shoulder-Blades," a short story, by the late Joel Chandler Harris, was well worth republishing in book form from the columns of the periodical in which it first appeared two years ago; it is so well sustained a specimen of its author's artistry, such welcome proof that his hand has lost none of its admirable skill. It is told in the first person from beginning to end, with never a break in the narrative, with never a digression that does not heighten the effect, that does not add its touch of vividness, its perfectly natural elucidation of conditions or people in the South of war times. A reminiscence here, a seeming digression yonder, a touch of humor everywhere, never is a moment wasted, never is the thread lost. The character of the hero is touched in with unmistakable strokes; the narrator reveals himself with delicious frankness. There is a thumbnail sketch of a negro mammy that is a gem, and the great guerilla leader, Forrest, stands out in telling lines. Ere long the reader knows that he is the "stranger" to whom the whole story is being told, with its climax of treason punished and the memory of it "between the shoulder-blades" of the man who witnessed the punishment. A "tour de force," perhaps, but one well worth the doing, and well worth the reading both for its own sake and for that of its unerring craftsmanship.

THE DELLA CRUSCANS.

An Eighteenth Century Absurdity and Its Leading Excerpt.

From the London Academy.
"In 1785," wrote Gifford in his preface to the "Bayard," "a few English of both sexes whom chance had jumbled together at Florence, took a fancy to while away their time in scribbling high flown panegyrics on themselves, and com-



THE ACHIEVING OF THE HOLY GRAIL.
(From the drawing by Aubrey Beardsley.)

plimentary canzonettes on two or three Italians, who understood too little of the language in which they were written to be disgusted with them. In this there was not much harm, nor, indeed, much good; but as folly is progressive, they soon wrought themselves into an opinion that they really deserved the fine things that were mutually said and sung of each other."
The chief members of this society were Mrs. Piozzi, Mr. Parsons and Mr. Bertie Greathead, for whom Horace Walpole seems to have had a kindness, which is curious, for he did not, as a

rule, suffer fools gladly. These were soon joined by Robert Merry, a young man about town, who had run through a fortune, and had just terminated a brief and inglorious career as a guardsman. He came to Florence ostensibly to study Italian, and apparently lived on his debts. An inordinate facility of versification soon caused him to be recognized as the leader of the poetasters who met in the salon of Mrs. Piozzi;

and misrepresentation they made life in Florence a burden to him. In the spring of 1787, after lampooning his enemies, he abruptly sailed for England, where his fame had gone before him. He announced his advent in a sonnet, "Adieu and Recall to Love," signed "Della Crusca," which appeared in "The World," a periodical conducted by Captain Topham, and mainly devoted to the publication of polite verse. The epidemic malady thus started, quickly "spread from fool to fool." Anna Matilda (Mrs. Hannah Cowley), Laura Maria (Mrs. Robinson), Mit Yenda (Thomas Adney), Edwin (T. Vaughan), Carlo, Orlando, "and a thousand other nameless names caught the infection; and from one end of the kingdom to the other all was nonsense and Della Crusca."

NOBLE SPORT.

A Book on the Chase in the Middle Ages.

THE MASTER OF GAME. By Edward Scoble Duke of York. The Oldest English Book on Hunting. Edited by Wm. A. and F. H. Grohman. With a foreword by Theodore Roosevelt. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. xxix, 362. Duffield & Co.

When Mr. Baillie-Grohman first published the book, five years ago, he printed it in a gorgeous limited edition. Hence the present volume is practically a new affair for the general reader. Does that individual care to know what Gaston de Foix had to say about hunting centuries ago, or what Edward, Duke of York, made out of the famous Frenchman's "Livre de Chasse"? He might reply in the negative if these two mighty hunters had left behind them only a piece of obscure medievalism. But, as a matter of fact, "The Master of Game" is a book full of gusto, a simple and straightforward disquisition on certain beasts and the manner of pursuing them. Gaston wrote with a sportsman's sturdy hand, and the Duke of York was a man of kindred temper. Mr. Baillie-Grohman tells in his brief introduction how the book which the one translated from the other has come down to us, and Mr. Roosevelt's essay gives us the key to its spirit. We turn to the text in the mood to be really exhilarated, and we are not disappointed. Incidentally, we are wonderfully charmed, for the diction of this work is by itself delightful, and the illustrations from old French illuminated manuscripts help greatly to carry us back into the heat of the chase when it was the most picturesque of all the amusements of mankind.

It is celebrated here with a gallant emotion, but at the same time with matter-of-fact directness. "Men say," we are told, "that the right forefoot of the wolf is good for medicine for the evil of the breast and for the botches (sores) which come to swine under the shoulder. And also the liver of the wolf dried is good for a man's liver, but thereof I make no affirmation, for I would put in my book nothing but very truth." Never was there a more honest author. Joyously free from all things pedantic, too, are these wise but unassuming chapters. "A wild boar is a common beast enough," begins one of them, "and therefore it needeth not to tell of his making, for there be few gentlemen that have not seen some of them." Repeatedly the minutiae of natural history are thus brushed aside. But when the sporting qualities of an animal are in question we have indeed fervid words.

The wild boar, for example, is described with tremendous admiration. "There is neither lion nor leopard that slayeth a man at one stroke as a boar dost, for they mostly kill with the rais-

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